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The World

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 15
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 42 NO. 14,790.

THE PROBLEMS OF ETIQUETTE.

While we should like to accept the repeated assurances that the arrangements for the reception of Prince Henry are complete, there are several grave and important questions which are open to doubt. The whole question of etiquette and form in receiving the Prince has been left untouched. We are still in the dark as to how it is to be done.

It is all well for Admiral Evans, who has been cummily with the Emperor and who has hobbled with all manner of potentes, to don his uniform and feel at home, but how about the civilians? What is the proper dress for a Mayor of New York or of Hoboken when receiving royalty? How are the Committeemen to be distinguished? Should the American Colonel wear his uniform or not? And those of the Committee who are Templars or Shriners—shall they appear in regalia? How about sack coats and fancy vests? Would a red necktie be lese majeste? And how is His Highness to be addressed?

It is better to answer these questions now than to be found unready when the ordeal comes. The eyes of the civilized world and of the Tennessee delegation in Congress are fixed on us, and it would be humiliating to fall down on any point of etiquette.

The "Beautiful"—New York's first experience with a showman under the new administration did not illustrate the adage that "a new broom sweeps clean." On this second test let us hope that there will be more cars and fewer explanations.

DISAPPOINTING CENSUS FIGURES.

Some plain and unpleasant truths as to the conditions of work and wages in the Empire State are disclosed by the census figures of 1900.

In the ten years of Prosperity (with a big P), while invested capital shows an increase of about 50 per cent, and product 35 per cent, labor's share has increased only 10 per cent.

An analysis of the Brooklyn figures reveals the startling anomaly that the average earnings of the wage-workers were lower by 16 cents a day in 1900 than in 1890.

There is, of course, the explanation that the decrease is only in the average and may represent a large increase in poorly paid trades, but even this consolation is disappointing. A prosperity which diminishes the average earnings of the working classes fails to achieve the desired object of all effort, "the greatest happiness of the greatest number."

Those Raines Law Hotels.—Now that it has been shown that the law can reach the Raines law hotels in New York, it is too much to ask that the law shall be enforced with equal determination in Oswego and Canandaigua and other homes of our matrons.

REFORM IN EARNEST.

For the suppression of dive-keeping in New York all that is needed is the ordinary enforcement of the law. No more convincing proof could be asked of the ease and success of any sincere attempt at such enforcement than is furnished by the Saturday night arrests of dive keepers and frequenters on the lower Bowery. In five of the most disreputable and notorious of these resorts fifty-one arrests were made and evidence secured which ought to put an end to the raided dives.

The new police administration has made a good beginning. It has done its duty in making the arrests; the further proceedings against the offenders should be followed with close attention by the public, who have an interest in seeing that the laws against dive-keeping are enforced and that the dive-keeping industry is suppressed finally and beyond resurrection.

The "Third Degree."—If it is true, as charged, that the police officials abused their power over Florence Burns and tried to extort a confession from her by terrorism and falsehood, they have done their best to thwart the ends of justice in a murder case. In any event the disgraceful "third degree" should not be permitted to exist.

THE POLICE CONTROVERSY.

The controversy between Commissioner Partridge and the policemen, who are supposed to be subject to his authority, is rapidly taking the shape of the traditional comic opera. There is a delightful suggestion of "Pinafore" and other creations of Gilbert and Sullivan in the idea of the patrolmen gravely instructing the commissioner in the proper method of organizing the force, and the absurdity of the situation is not at all lessened by the possibility that the patrolmen may know what they are talking about.

It is hard to believe that the police force under any sane management is not sufficient to take care of so simple an exigency as the subway explosion. And, on the other hand, there is probably a good deal of truth in the contention of the men that the active duty force is unduly weakened by the details and special duty squads and other "soft snaps" at Headquarters and elsewhere. The kindly idea of recent Boards seems to have been to put a policeman wherever there was nothing for him to do. The controversy is not conducive to good discipline or efficiency, but it is evidently destined to be fought to a finish. It is to be hoped that it may be settled without the customary appeal to Albany.

POLICEMAN DOWLING'S INANITY.

One of Kipling's "Many Inventions" tells of the inanity of a lighthouse-keeper due to constant contemplation of the sea. The while streaks of foam that were continually rushing past his eyes aroused interest at first, then nervous irritation, then madness. The experience of Policeman Dowling, who has lost his mind as a result of watching the ceaseless stream of trolley cars cross the bridge, has some points of similarity. He watched them for eight hours a day while on duty, and in his hours off they continued to pass in his mind's eye. Kipling's man recovered his reason after a few years, but the doctors are not confident of Dowling's mental future.

A College Boy's Suicide.—The college boy who killed himself because he did not show satisfactory proficiency in chemistry was a sensitive soul. "My life has been a failure," he wrote, and I am determined to end it." Determination to hold on a while longer would have been more to the point. He might have lived to show some unknown Carnegie the way to wealth at \$1,000 a year.

JOKES OF OUR OWN.

THE REASON.

"Why are a faction of politicians spoken of as a 'ring'?"
"Because there's no beginning or end to their crookedness."

A PRODIGY.

"Is it true that the man you just pointed out to me is such a prodigy that he talked as well at the age of six months as he does now?"
"Certainly. He's a deaf mule."

COMPENSATIONS.

"Are there any compensations for living in the country?"
"Of course there are. For instance, I don't have to shovel snow in summer or mow the lawn in winter."

A SURE CURE.

"Lilli Lehmann says her fondness for her pet pig made her a vegetarian."
"If she saw how some of the seat-grabbers on the 'L' behave she'd soon get over her fondness for hogs."

A SILLY QUESTION.

"But where is the money for this enterprise of yours coming from?"
"From the Mint, of course. Do you take me for a counterfeiter?"

MONEY NO OBJECT.

"No, sir. We haven't got any six-for-five-cent cigars. The cheapest we have are one-cent straight."
"Oh, well, give me a nickel's worth. I don't care how much I pay for my cigars as long as I get really good ones."

THE DIFFERENCE.

"What difference is there between a humorist and a fool?"
"The humorist gets paid."

A NEEDED CALAMITY.

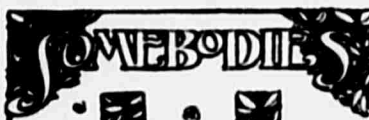
"I see influenza is raging in London."
"I suppose, after all the South African disasters, England needed to revive her grip."

THE QUALITY OF SUCCESS.

"Yes, De Paynter has succeeded at last, but not with his pictures. He's making locomobiles."
"Ah! A success de steam."

THE WONDER OF IT.

"Mrs. Seemings has been cured of her superstition."
"What did it?"
"Motorman No. 1209, on car 1123, stopped at her first signal on Friday."



ANTONINI, MGR.—the Pope's staff secretary, is visiting in San Francisco.

BRYAN, W. J.—will lecture next month at Brown University.

HARRIS, JOEL CHANDLER—the author, lives in a little frame cottage at Atlanta, Ga., and works seven hours a day.

HOWELL, J. A.—will edit the Astor-Bulfinch paper, which his brother, W. D. Howell, the novelist, worked as a boy.

JACOBS, B. F.—the noted Sunday-school worker, has retired, after forty-six years' service in that profession.

MANNING, JUDGE—began life as a newsboy.

LEE, H. E.—a Chicago hardware manufacturer, owns the largest private museum in the world.

REID, PETER—of Passaic, N. J., is about to erect a free public library in that city in memory of his wife.

SCARLETT, AUGUSTUS—has been a school principal in Newark, N. J., for thirty-nine years.

SIMS, THOMAS W.—congressman from Tennessee, works in a brick yard at \$1 a day.



Miss Mary Stewart, of Gosholm, Ardenmore, has just died at the age of one hundred years. She managed to live in the reigns of George III, George IV, William IV, Victoria and Edward VII, without learning the English language, for she spoke only Gaelic.

The Boston signal lights, which are used by Uncle Sam for signaling, were invented by Capt. Henry Cotton, and are now made by his widow, Mrs. Cotton, in her laboratory, on Staten Island, makes this composition, which is used for marine signal lights all over the country.

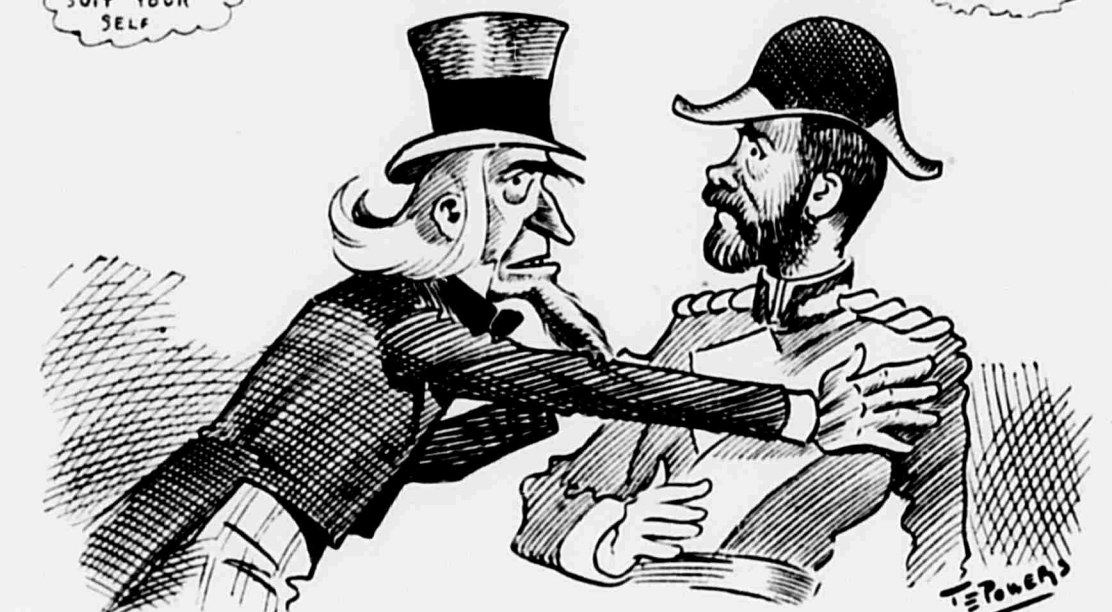
Statistics show that every decade gives women a longer time in which to receive offers of marriage. Our grandmothers were often deemed old maids at twenty-one, while now a girl may often near forty without incurring the title.

Mrs. Virginia Waterman, a woman sixty years old, is at present a student at the Northwestern Academy in Evanston, Ill. She expects to take a full college course, entering Cornell after her graduation at Evanston. She is the oldest college "girl" on record.

Annie Graham (Mrs. Young), the noted war nurse, is living in Des Moines, Ia. She secured her appointment through her friendship with Benjamin F. Tracy, whose regiment, the One Hundredth and Ninth New York, she accompanied to the war. She is the founder of two State sanitary associations, one at Ithaca, N. Y., and the other at New Orleans.

The Funny Side of Life.

THINGS WE SHALL NOT SHOW PRINCE HENRY.



OUR GREAT AMERICAN DESPOTS.

OVERSIGHT.



"But where the deuce is the soap?"
"I knew I had overlooked something."

SNAPPED UP.

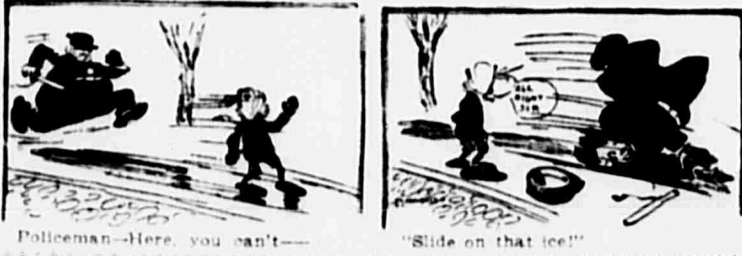


Cityman: "Laugh and the world laughs with you."
Mayor of Canton: "Ridin'-Waah, I don't 'bout this, stranger, but yew jest say 'smile' and yew bet yew'll 'all smile' with yew'."

LIFE ALONG THE SUBWAY.



THE POLICEMAN MADE IT PLAIN.



LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE ON MANY TOPICS.

No.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Can a conductor on any of the surface cars running in New York put out of his car for giving him five pennies instead of a nickel?
Yours truly,
L. M. KIPPLER.

Bride's Parents Should Pay.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Is it the bridegroom's place to furnish invitations for a church wedding and reception, or is it the place of the bride's parents?
M. W. D.

Early Closing to Avoid Rush.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
While the business men of Greater New York are wondering what would be a good plan to stop the rush on the Bridge, I would like to make them a suggestion. Why don't some of the large shops, factories, etc., of New York, close at 5 o'clock, and give their customers a better service than they now get?

A Plan for Fairness.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I noticed a letter from a person who said that he found it difficult to work alongside of two Englishmen, and asking for advice as to whether he should use his fists on them. It is my opinion that he had better use his brains (if he has any) rather than his fists. It is just much better that he should get along with English people.

Scored the American Girl.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Some time ago one of your correspondents compared American girls with foreign girls, and to the disparagement of the former. Unfortunately, I do not claim any English blood in my veins, but I am an unrepentant lover of justice.

There are now three thousand miles of ocean rolling between Annie Irish and her husband E. L. Dodson. Mr. Dodson has gone to London to appear in the coming production of "Ben Hur." Separation is the skeleton in the closet of the married couple on the stage.
JANE GORDON.

A monument to Lieut. Francois Gar-nier, who explored Yunnan in 1866-1868 and in 1873, has been erected at St. Etienne.

An electric carriage call has been devised, which is to be adopted at London theatres and other public buildings.

It costs the Government of Italy about \$2,000 a year to keep up the Coliseum.

Russian reports say that the Sea of Aral has been steadily rising since 1891.

The sea level is now four feet above that of 1874. The line of railroad from Orenburg to Tashkent had to be changed in order to avoid being overflowed.

The forthcoming "History of Iron and Steel Trade of Wales" states that the average weekly yield of iron at the Dowlais blast furnace in 1915 was fifty

BILLY BROADWAY

On Aldermen's Seatless Opera Seats.

"I notice," said Mr. "Billy" Broadway, as he blew some dust off his diamond stud, "that Mayor Law will have to yank as much as \$5,000 from the vitals of his bank roll in order to make Prince Henry glad he came. Most of this colossal sum is to be blown on the special opera performance in the way of furnishing tickets for Aldermen. Almost an attempt to wait 'Ain't it a shame?"



MR. BROADWAY.

"Having met some time Aldermen and observed them perform a spool from the standpoint of a man who has studied the books. With the exception of a few Aldermen elected on the ticket in the recent disturbance at the polls there isn't a statesman in the bunch that would know opera if it came up and made lodge signs to him. But to hear them talk you'd think they played Wagner on a flute and went to school with prima donnas."

"Their clamor to be admitted to this opera performance free of charge is distinguishable from the Battery to the Bronx. Unskilled observers may think that the clamor is not phony, but it is. Is it possible that well-lubricated brains can believe that the common or garden Alderman hankers to insert himself into an open-face suit and break into the Metropolitan Opera House?"

"Poor, poor, also poor trash. Rather for the Alderman a soft chair, a place to put his feet on a convenient easel and a music-box that yields up melody when the slot is worn with a penny. Why, then, does he lift his voice in an effort to have the town believe that he yearns for unmitigated sound at \$20 a seat?"

"It is not the Aldermen. It is the Aldermen's wife, perchance his sweetheart or his sister—some female near and dear to him. For the first time in many years the Alderman's wife has a chance to gaze upon the diamond tiaras of the offensively rich to shine in the border lights of official publicity."

"Therefore the anxiety of the Aldermen for seats for the opera. It is home pressure, and if there is anything that will make an Aldermen jump sideways it is home pressure. He would prefer to go to a prize-fight at Seneca, N. J., or a beefsteak dinner. The thought of the opera makes him break into a cold sweat, but he is going to rent pneumonia apparel, get his hair cut, put lavender water on his handkerchief and make a front, no matter how much he may suffer."

"As the poet says, the mitt that rocks the cradle is all the goods."

THE M'INTYRES' FLAT.

The Dog and the Kleptomaniac.

AFTER their triumph over the gas company, the McIntyres, having thus tasted the joys of victory, looked about for new grievances to conquer. Now looking for grievances in a New York flat-house is like looking for water in the ocean. In other words, it's a case of nothing but. The worst nuisance was the woman on the fourth floor, who systematically robbed the dumb-waiter of its hard-earned groceries, milk and morning papers, the next worst was the dog on the third floor, which barked incessantly when ever his owners left him alone in the flat. The McIntyres lived on the fifth floor because there was no sixth. Thus it came to pass that McIntyre, having thought the matter out, lifted up his voice and strewed great thoughts about the room as follows:

"My good third-floor neighbor swears his dog doesn't howl. The reason is, the dog only howls when no one is at home. Hence if some other tenant should quietly enter the third-floor flat and painlessly extract the life of that dog, no one would be the wiser, and every one would bless that man. In short, oh wife of mine, that man is this man. I'll put the body on the dumb-waiter and send it up to this floor. You can take it off and we can drop it in the gutter the first time we go out after dark."

Descending to the third floor flat, he saw the exasperating, barking canine, so that it died. Then he wrapped the incense shell in tissue paper, put it aboard the dumb-waiter and started it heavenward.

"Where's the dog?" queried Mrs. McIntyre when he returned to his own bedside. "The dumb-waiter was empty when it reached this floor."

And their knowledge and a great wad of joy broke in upon their darkened lives. For they knew the kleptomaniac denizen of the fourth floor had waylaid the dumb-waiter, had annexed its contents (unaware of their nature) and that she had, in consequence, received a long-delayed dinner call from Distribution.

For to display the dog she must either incur the charge of having slain it, or else must confess she had robbed the dumb-waiter. Which problem bade fair to hold her for a while.

And the McIntyres rejoiced and were exceedingly glad.
A. P. T.

POOR MRS. M'KINLEY.

No Sunlight for Her Now.

SUNSHINE has not crept into the parlor of the McKinley home at Canton since the martyred President's body was borne to the grave.

In this room Mr. McKinley had spent many of the happiest hours of life with his beloved wife. It was there he first received the news of his political triumph—his nomination for Governor of Ohio, his selection by the Republican party as its Presidential candidate, and it was there the invalid wife looked for the last time upon her dead husband's face.

Since the day of the arrival of the body in Canton the shades of that room have remained drawn. Mrs. McKinley wills it so.

Recently a lady caller at the saddened household attempted to lift the curtains.

"The sun is so beautiful, Mrs. McKinley, wouldn't you like a little of it?" she suggested kindly.

"They have not been raised since the Major was here," she said. "There is no sunlight for me now. My sun is setting."

Friends who have been admitted to the presence of the suffering widow say she talks of little else but death.

"I'll soon be with the Major," she constantly repeats.
J. J. B.

A PEARL FAMINE.

A pearl famine is the latest cry in the jewelry market, and Paris is the city in which it is raging at the present time. The supply does not mean anything like equal the demand, and the higher prices go the more call there is for the precious gems. Already they are worth from three to four times what they were fetching ten years ago, and the price is still rising. The cause for this abnormal state of affairs is, it is declared, that large numbers of rich Americans have been buying up the gems, especially during the last few



In European Cities